73.

The Courtly Triumph, or an Excellent new Song, upon the Coronation of K. *William* and Q. *Marie* Which was ſplendidly celebrated on the 11th. of *April* 1689: To the Tune of *cannons roar.*

SOund the Trumpet, beat the Drum
Boyes the golden Age is come,
The true fame of Chriſtendome,
is *William* and Queen *Mary*;
Who by Providence is crowned;
Let their Actions be renowned,
While their royal *Healths* go round,
in Glaſſes of Canary.
Proteſtants has cauſe to pray,
That they may the Scepter ſway,
Purging *Popery* away,
and *Romiſh* Uſurpation,
He that came to take our part,
While we felt *Romes* fatal ſmart,
Let him reign in every heart,
through all this *Land* and Nation,
Let him reign in every heart,
Now he is our Crowned King,
Under whoſe protecting Wing,
Every Soul may ſweetlie ſing,
without *Romes* Moleſtation,
For we now have lived to ſee,
This Land purged from Poperie,
And the Royal Dignitie,
of Williams *great Coronation,*
Thouſands of Subjects did flock there
And no coſt nor Charge did ſpare:
To behold the royal peer,
in their renowned Station,
From the the Noble to the *Mean,*
Joyn everie Face was ſeen,
When our gracious King and Queen,
was at their coronation.
From the Palace all proclaim
Royal dignitie and *Fame,*
By the ſmiling Crowds that came,
In each degree and Station,
Noble Lords and Ladies gay,
Deckt in coſtly rich array,
Came to celebrate that day,
of Williams *great Coronation,*
What was ever more compleat,
How like moving Angels ſweet.
Did they gently paſs the ſtreet,
to Grace his conſumation,
The great courts in Europe fair,
Never could with this compare,
'Twas as if they all were there,
at William's *great coronation.*
Thoſe that ſee the Princelie Train,
Had not power for to refrain,
VViſhing them a happy Reign,
without diſſimulation,
VVhile the muſick ſoft and ſweet,
Did their heartie wiſhes meet
Thus the day we did compleat,
of VVilliams *great coronation*
VVe rejoice who lately mourn'd,
Tears are unto bleſſings turn'd,
None but Papiſts are concerned,
of this great Alteration,
Heavens bleſs'd this great deſign,
By a Power moſt Divine,
Conduits freely run with VVine,
at VVilliams *great coronation.*
He that might have live'd at eaſe,
Croſt the raging roaring Seas,
For Religious Liberties,
in *Proteſtant* profeſſion;
While he does our Spirits chear,
Talbot he ſhall quake for fear,
VVhen he ſhall the Tidings hear,
of VVilliams *great coronation.*

FINIS.

1689.